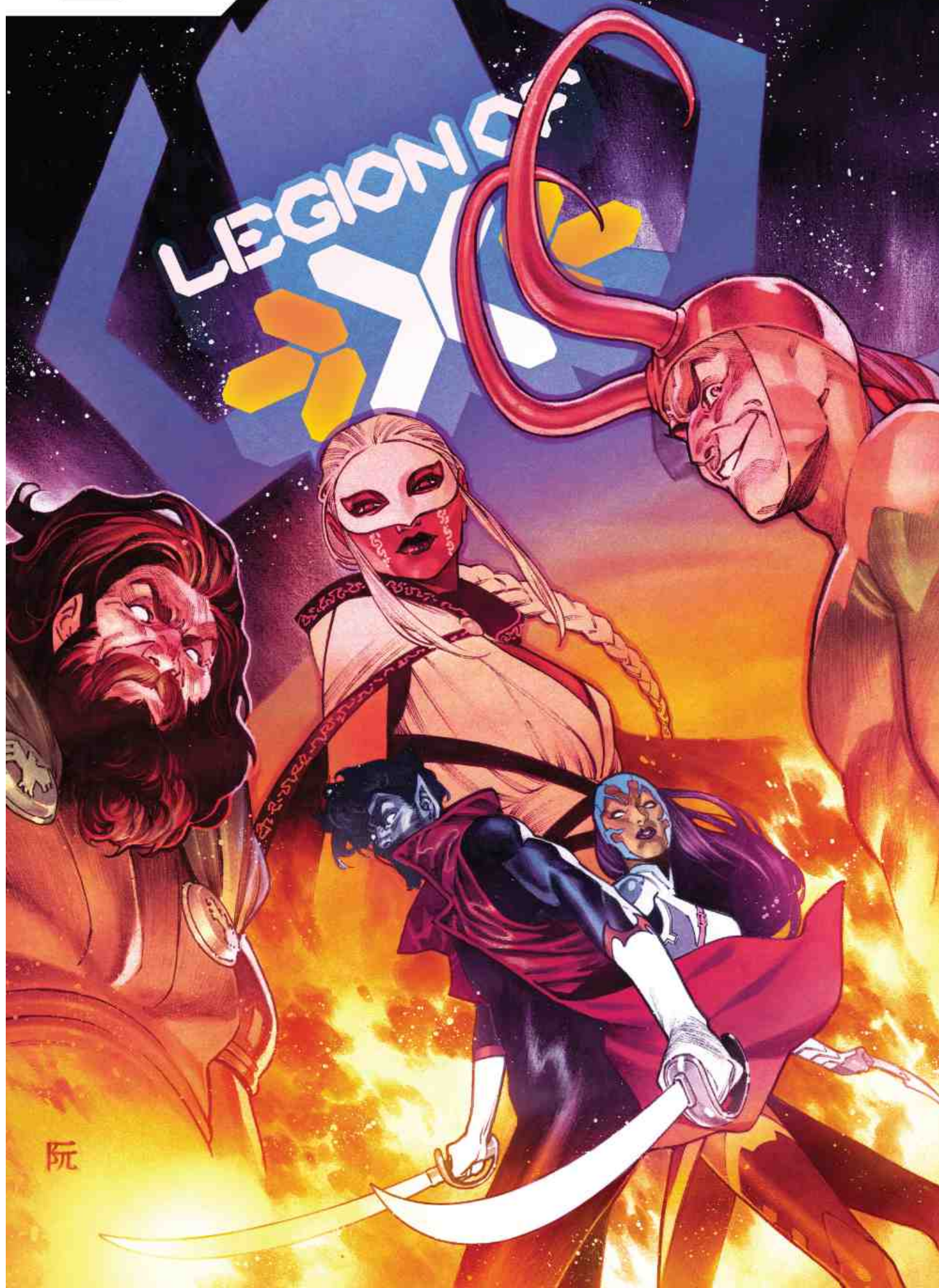


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SPURRIER
BAZALDUA
BLEE



MARVEL
COMICS



4
APR

APPROVED
BY THE
MARVEL
COMICS
MCA
AUTHORITY

SILVER SURFER REBIRTH

AT THE MERCY OF

THE **JACK** OF
HEARTS!



MARVEL

RON MARZ
RON LIM
DON HO
ISRAEL SILVA

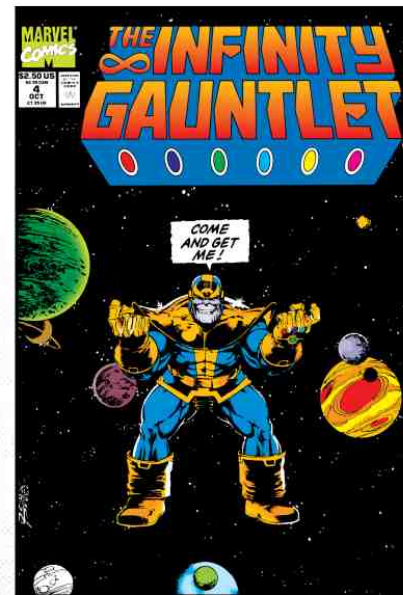
FROM
D.H.O.
ISRAEL
SILVA

GEORGE PÉREZ 1954-2022



ART BY PHIL NOTO

"George is one of those ridiculously gifted talents of whom you could ask anything and he would give it to you, in many cases better than you asked." — **CHRIS CLAREMONT**



MARVEL COMICS PAUSES TO REFLECT ON THE LIFE AND CAREER OF BELOVED WRITER AND LEGENDARY ARTIST GEORGE PÉREZ, who was widely known and respected for his incredible talent, kindness and generosity in the comics community and beyond. During his career at Marvel, he contributed to titles such as *Inhumans*, *Fantastic Four* and two long runs on *Avengers*, including his landmark work on *JLA/Avengers*. Pérez co-created Marvel's first Latin American Super Hero and first Puerto Rican mainstream character, Hector Ayala, A.K.A. White Tiger. Pérez had huge hits at DC with *New Teen Titans* and *Crisis on Infinite Earths*. And as both a writer and penciler, he reinvented *Wonder Woman*. He was renowned for his ability (and desire) to include huge numbers of characters in a panel, cleanly and clearly.

Pérez made an indisputable impact on the comics community and its fans. He was well-known for being the friendliest and most approachable creator, especially at conventions. He will be deeply missed by all who knew him and were touched by his many decades of work.

I SEE A
REFLECTION...



...NOT ONE, BUT
FOUR OF THEM.



EACH MYSELF, AND
YET NOT QUITE...



...AS IF EACH
WAS MADE BY A
DIFFERENT HAND.



The Altar.



Mmph?

Oh, hey there. Who, uh, who're you? 'Nother one of the fuzzy blue guy's people?

'Cause, listen, I know I said I'd watch the *psycho*--least I can do, right?--but...c'mon. That *magic bottle* mamma-jamma? He ain't goin' nowhere.



They got this-- I dunno--it's like a sorta... dreamy *hive mind* thing? I just want five more minutes there, okay? I won't tell if you d--

I won't tell.



KRX

Rise and shine, *switch*.

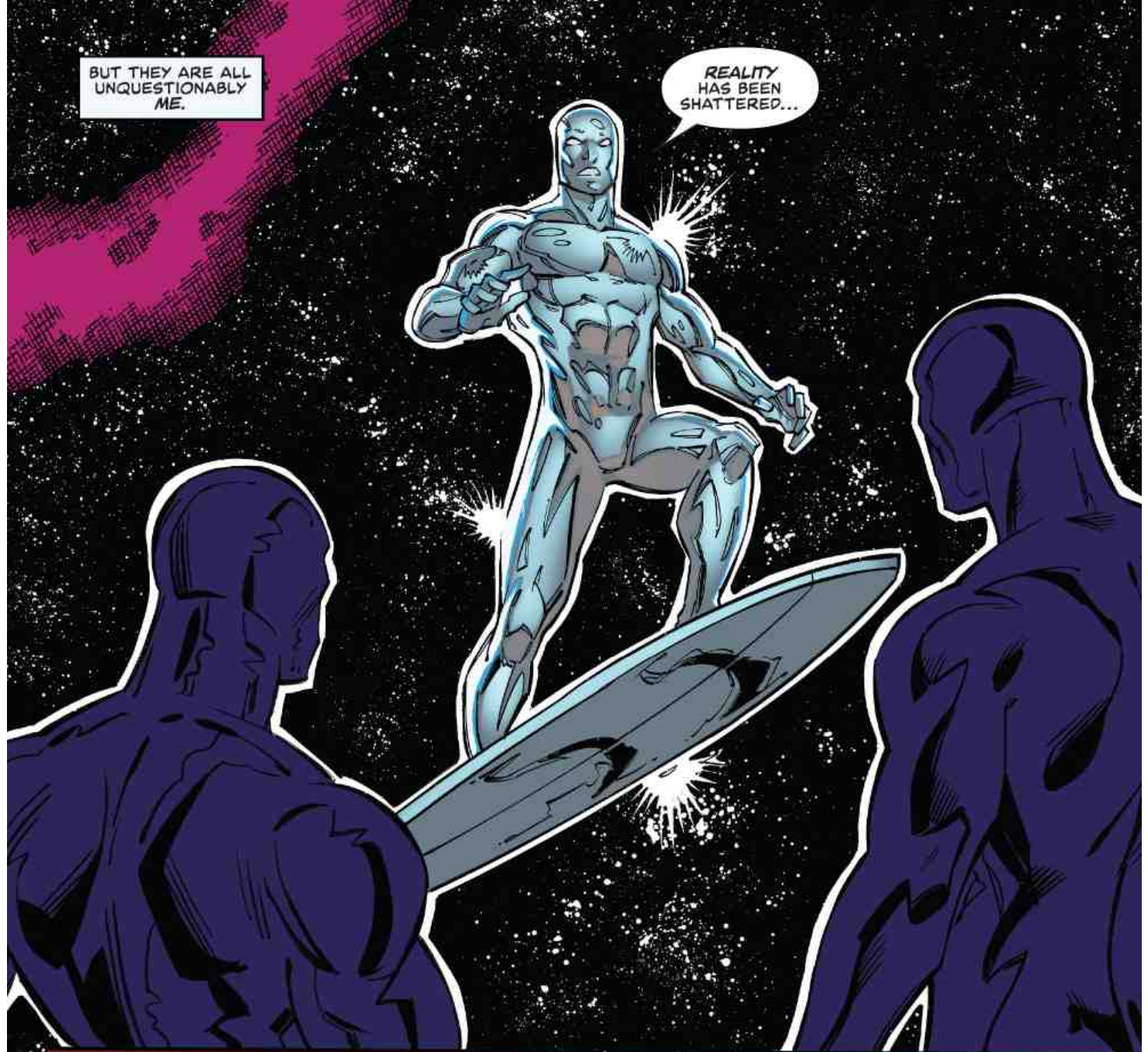
Hrrr?



You have a *big night* ahead.

BUT THEY ARE ALL
UNQUESTIONABLY
ME.

REALITY
HAS BEEN
SHATTERED...



...BUT
WHAT MANNER
OF MADNESS
IS THIS?

FOUR SILVER
SURFERS, EACH
AN IMPERFECT
REFLECTION OF
THE OTHER?



CAN
THIS ONE BE
TRUSTED?

IT WOULD
BE DANGEROUS
TO ASSUME SO.
WHO KNOWS WHAT
MANNER OF BEING
HE IS IN HIS
UNIVERSE?



Krakoa.

"Mein gott, Zsen. That was...*intense*."

"Indeed so, Nightcrawler. And...who could have guessed a *tail* would have so many *uses*?"

"Heh. Give me a moment and I'll show you some m--"

"No. Once is *recreation* and has value. Twice is *indulgence*."

"We were fortunate to be saved by that *screaming ghost* in the Astral Plane, but--still, the experience was *draining*. We must *sleep*."

"I shall report to *Ora Serrata* in the morning. She grows *impatient*."

"I will be gone when you wake."

"Ach... Life can't all be about duty, Zsen..."

"Indeed? So says the religious man."



I'VE
NO TIME
TO UNRAVEL
THIS.

I NEED TO
FIND A WAY
OUT OF THIS
REALITY.



WE KNOW
NOT WHETHER
HE IS FRIEND
OR FOE.

WE
CANNOT
ALLOW HIM
TO SIMPLY
LEAVE.



I MUST
SEEK THANOS,
WHEREVER HE
HAS BEEN
SHUNTED.



DO YOU
HEAR?



BY HIS OWN
ADMISSION, HE
IS IN LEAGUE
WITH THE MAD
TITAN.



IS HE THE
REASON WE HAVE
BEEN WRENCHED
FROM OUR
REALITIES?



WE'LL
HAVE THE
TRUTH...



"What's *faith* got to do with it?"

"Everything. Your half-baked approach to *policing* rejects the rigidity of *control* and *punishment*--yet you cling to your *god* and your *spark*."

"Speaking of rigidity--"

"I'm serious. What's the difference? They're all *shared abstractions*. Structures you must *choose* to observe."



"I suppose...I suppose the difference is that abstractions of the *spirit* are...flexible. They have--ah--wiggle room."

"The creative power of *interpretation*, ja?"

"It sounds like you're saying the only *rules* you care about are the ones you can *bend*."



"I...I suppose it *does*. I think I'm *okay* with that."

"For instance: Where does recreation end and indulgence begin? A matter of *interpretation*, nein?"

"Which is to say... if you *did* want to bend some rules..."



"...I'm ready."

Arakko.

OLD FRIENDS. OLD FOES

RON MARZ WRITER • RON LIM PENCILER • DON HO INKER • ISRAEL SILVA COLORIST • VC's JOE SABINO LETTERER
KAT GREGOROWICZ ASSISTANT EDITOR • DARREN SHAN EDITOR • C.B. CEBULSKI CHIEF
SILVER SURFER CREATED BY STAN LEE & JACK KIRBY

AAAGH!

...BY
WHATEVER MEANS
NECESSARY.

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WITH INSPIRATION FROM THE ARTISTRY OF
JACK KIRBY, JOHN BUSCEMA, MOEBIUS AND MICHAEL ALLRED.

LEGION OF X

MAKE LOVE, NOT SECTS

To forge a new type of justice fit for Krakoa, NIGHTCRAWLER has assembled a team of LEGIONNARIES and built an HQ in THE ALTAR: a bubble-reality contained in the dreaming psyche of LEGION and adjacent to the Astral Plane.

The Legionnaires recently apprehended the psyche of the magically enhanced skinjacker Devon Alomar, A.K.A. SWITCH, following his mutilation of mutant victims. When PIXIE and JUGGERNAUT went on an assignment to hunt down Switch's original body, they stumbled upon a mysterious chaotic entity.

Meanwhile, an Arakkii god has gone missing. ORA SERRATA -- A.K.A. the Witness and a member of Arakko's ruling body, the Great Ring -- commissioned WEAPONLESS ZSEN to track the fugitive god alongside Nightcrawler.

Taking to the Astral Plane for answers with the guidance of BLINDFOLD, Nightcrawler and Weaponless Zsen realized the seemingly separate cases converge: Switch worships the missing god, who in turn has enhanced his abilities.

But the Astral Plane is unpredictable and malleable. When the manifestation of the duo's fears began to physically consume them, BANSHEE -- now imbued with the power of a Ghost Rider by the mysterious MOTHER RIGHTEOUS -- burst on the scene to save the day!



[NIGHTCRAWLER]



[BANSHEE]



[JUGGERNAUT]



[PIXIE]



[DOCTOR NEMESIS]



[SAGE]



[PAULIE DiCOSTA]



[ORA SERRATA]



[LEGION]



[BLINDFOLD]



[FORGETMENOT]



[LOST]



[FABIAN CORTEZ]



[CHAMBER]



[WEAPONLESS ZSEN]



[MOTHER RIGHTEOUS]

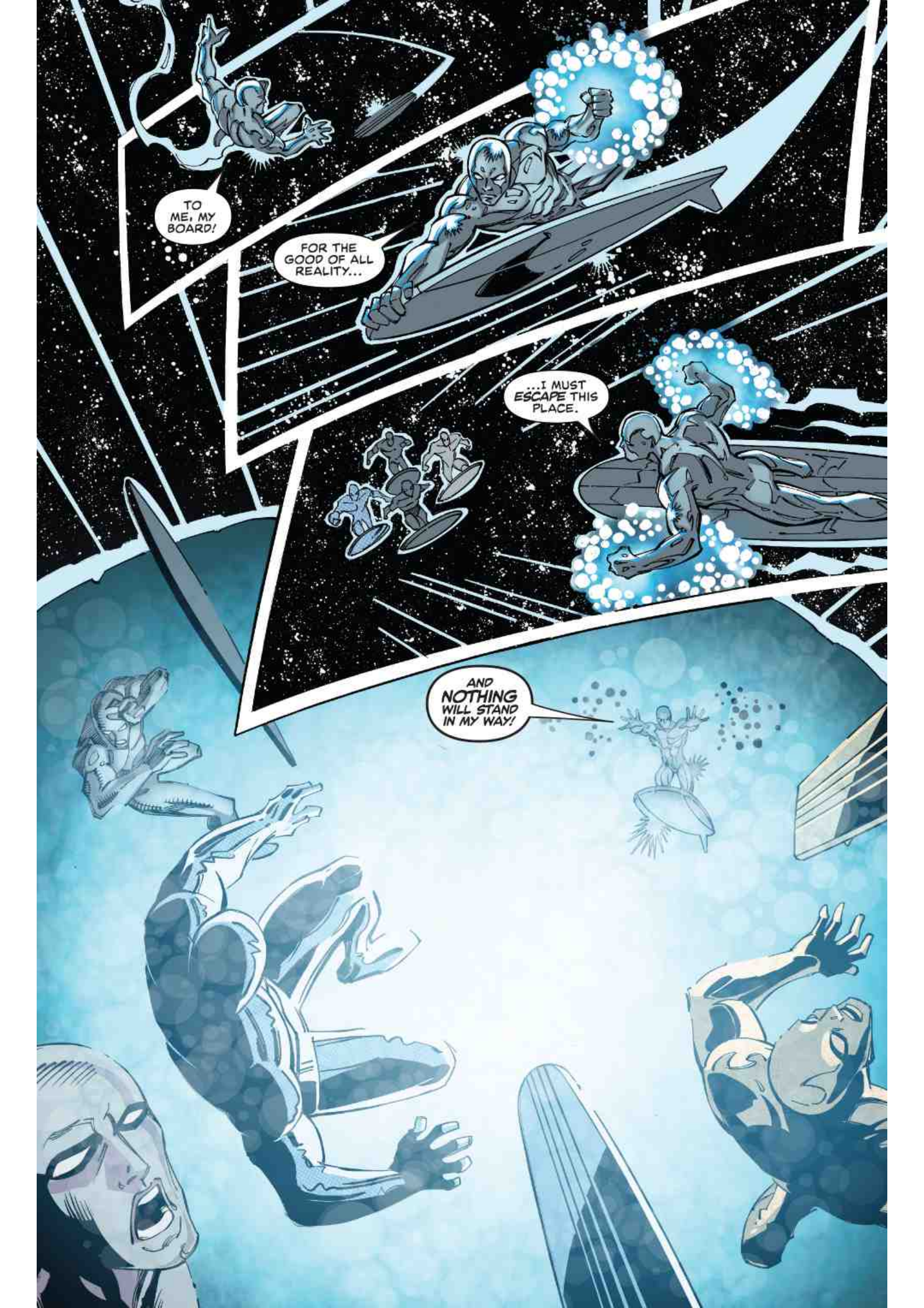


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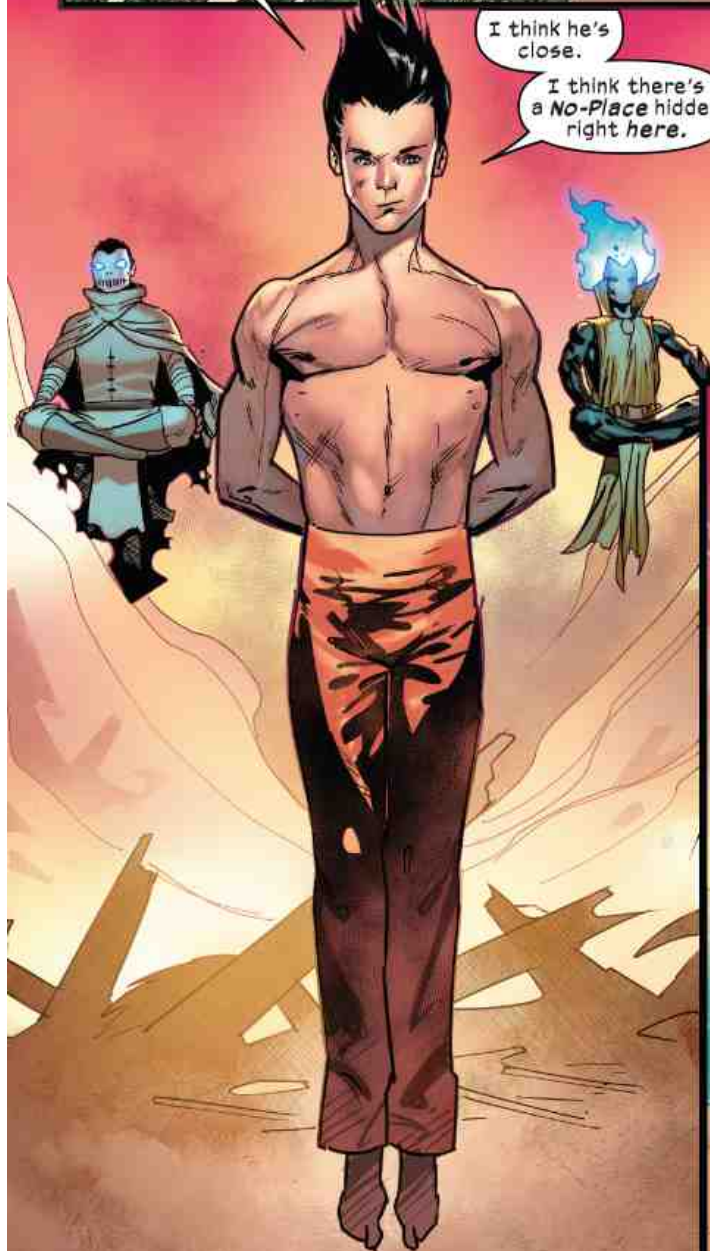


TO
ME, MY
BOARD!

FOR THE
GOOD OF ALL
REALITY...

...I MUST
ESCAPE THIS
PLACE.

AND
NOTHING
WILL STAND
IN MY WAY!



YOU
BELIEVE YOU
CAN BEST
US?

FOUR
TO YOUR
ONE?

I HAVE
NO WISH
TO BEST
YOU...

...I SIMPLY
WISH TO BE
FREE OF
YOU!





THE POWER
COSMIC SURGES
THROUGH ME,
JUST AS IT
DOES YOU.



I MUST
ASSUME YOUR
SPIRIT IS MUCH
LIKE MY
OWN.

BUT
MY MISSION
CANNOT BE
DELAYED
ANY--

HFF!



--AHH!!

AT BEST,
YOU ARE OUR
EQUAL...



...AND YOU
ARE BUT ONE.
WE WILL HAVE
ANSWERS FROM
YOU.



GHHNN...



UNEXPECTED
PLAYMATES YOU
HAVE, SURFER...



The men who *control* 'em forget they're just as fallible as the rest of us.

NFFF.



Wh-what just happened?



A *satisfactory* confrontation, Selffriend David?

Eh--standard. Are you gonna tell me how you know so many of Dad's *secrets*?

...NO.

But...Self can sense *all* Krakoa No-Places, Selffriend David. Self detects nothing nearby. Is Selffriend David sure his theory is correct?

Aye. Nightcrawler thinks there's a *god* involved--helpin' the skinjacker stay off the radar. That'd keep him hidden even from *you*, no?

Y'know, Warlock, I'm grateful for the intel, but...you didn't *owe* me anything.

Disagree. Selffriend David brought Self news of Magus' demise. *Personal delivery.* Meant a lot.

Aye. I, uh. I really am very sorry about your *dad*, pal.

Mm.



"Likewise."

...BUT I
MUST INTERRUPT
THIS FAMILY
REUNION.

WE HAVE
BUSINESS TO
ATTEND.

THANOS?
HOW DID YOU
FIND ME?

FIVE OF YOU.
THIS WOULD BE A
MOST FASCINATING
CHALLENGE.

HOW ARE
YOU HERE,
THANOS?

I DALLIED
WITH AN OLD
MISTRESS, BUT
ALL TOO BRIEFLY
BEFORE SHE
TIRED OF ME.
I FOUND MY
WAY BACK TO
THE CHAIR...

...AND
NAVIGATED
REALITIES
TO YOU. WE MUST
GO.

I HAVE NO
WISH TO HARM
THESE VERSIONS
OF MYSELF.

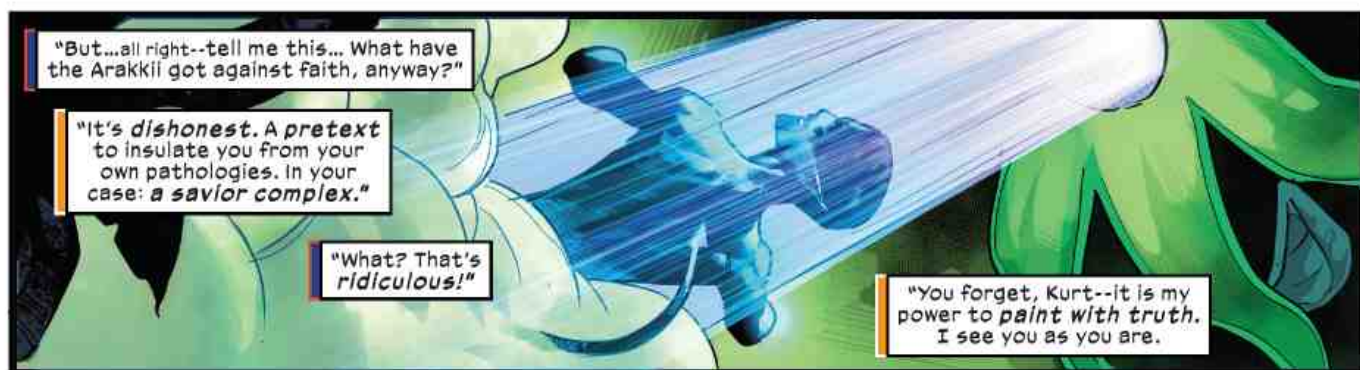


"Hfff...hfff...now--
hfff--now we sleep."

"Ach...still being
sensible? Can't you
let your obsessions
go for *one* night?"

"Why should I? You
spent the whole
time shouting
about your god."

"Heh! You've
got me there."



"But...all right--tell me this... What have
the Arakkii got against faith, anyway?"

"It's *dishonest*. A *pretext*
to insultate you from your
own pathologies. In your
case: a *savior complex*."

"What? That's
ridiculous!"

"You forget, Kurt--it is my
power to *paint with truth*.
I see you as you are."



"Answer me this: When was
the last time you did
something for *yourself*?"

"I...I thought
I just did."

"No. This was for *me*. I'm
glad you have *enjoyed* it,
but--all this talk of bending
rules...letting go?"

"You're trying
to *teach* me."



"Tell me, Nightcrawler. In your *flexible* little
world, as you chase around after lost lambs..."

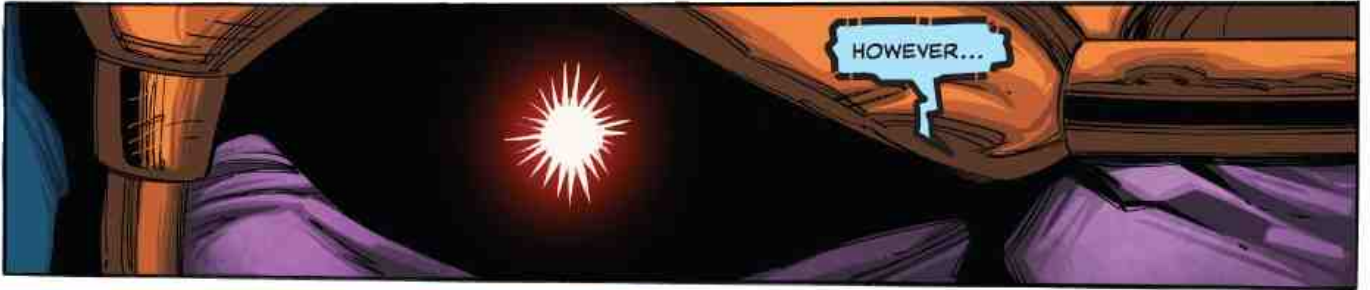
Um
himmels
willen.

He's out
of control!
Run!

"...who
guides the
shepherd?"



I'M CERTAIN
THAT'S THE
CASE.

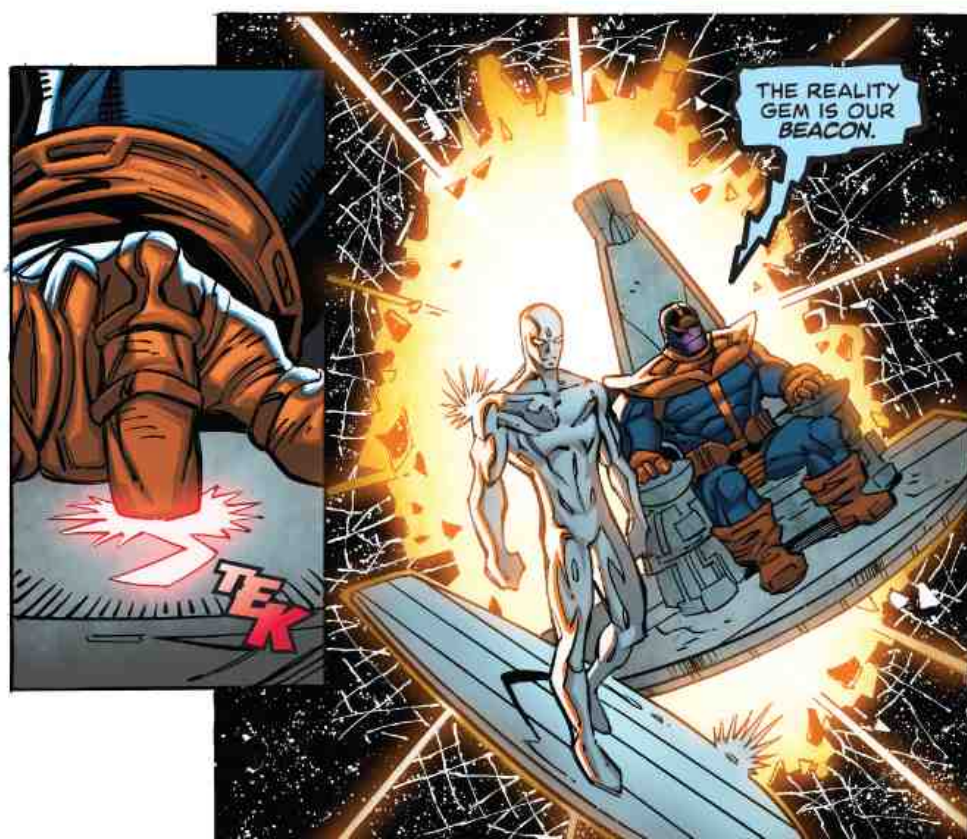


HOWEVER...



...I HAVE
NO SUCH
CONCERNS.







Heh!

Round of applause for **Captain Nukeface**. You turned an innocent idiot into *napalm* and *toasted* the place.

B-bugger.

You can see Switch here. His astral form.

Kurt, the-- the damage isn't just physical. The *healing dreams*...the *therapy pods*... He's poisoning everything.

Where's *Legion*? The--the conscious part of him.

Called away. Probably just as well, right? I-if Switch got into *him*, this whole *reality* would be his.

Uh. Guys. Kill me. Seriously. Somebody kill me, quickly, he's comi--

My coffee!

Hahaha!

Well, *this* is going splendidly. Truly, Nightcrawler, a virtuoso performance of *crisis containment*. You must be so proud of your team.

...Drecksack...

"...AND FINALLY LEARN
OUR OPPONENT'S
IDENTITY."

THE SILVER SURFER
AND THANOS MAKE
THEIR WAY BACK...

...BUT I CANNOT
ALLOW THEIR
INTERFERENCE.

NOT WHEN MY
ULTIMATE TRIUMPH
IS SO CLOSE.

THEN I
WILL STOP
THEM, MY LORD
TYRANT.

YOU HAVE SERVED
ME WELL, JACK
OF HEARTS...

...IN THE TIME SINCE
I BENT YOUR MIND TO
MY WILL AND MADE
YOU MY SERVANT.

BUT YOU ARE NOT
THE EQUAL OF THANOS
OR THE SURFER, MUCH
LESS BOTH OF THEM.



HA!

Wh-what did I do?

Get me fresh coffee, you shambling cellular prolapse, or I'll liquidate your cerebellum!

How is he jumping so fast? E-even if he *does* have a god helping him, the Altar is *shielded* from magic. Unless...

Mein gott. The Congregation. *Dust!*



Kurt! He's-- he's like lightning in the cloud! I-I-it hurts! A-a-all the minds in the gestalt... He'll drive everyone crazy!

I can't pin him down!

you don't need to.



Let me in, Sooraya. Steer me toward the center. The darkest part.

The eye of the storm.



Leave him no choice.

Make... me...

...him.



VWOOP

Urgh. Lame.

Blue's never been my color.

BUT IT'S
WITHIN MY
POWER TO
FIX THAT.

I CAN GRACE
YOU WITH MORE
OF MY MIGHT...

...AND MAKE
YOU A FAR MORE
FORMIDABLE FOE
FOR MY ENEMIES
TO FACE.

I NEED TIME TO
COMPLETE MY
MASTERY OF THE
REALITY GEM, TO
SHAPE THIS UNIVERSE
TO MY DESIGN, AS IT
DESERVES TO BE.

YOU CAN BUY
ME THAT TIME BY
OCCUPYING THE
SURFER AND
THANOS.

GHHS...

UNLEASH ME,
TYRANT.

I WILL
DESTROY THEM
BOTH.

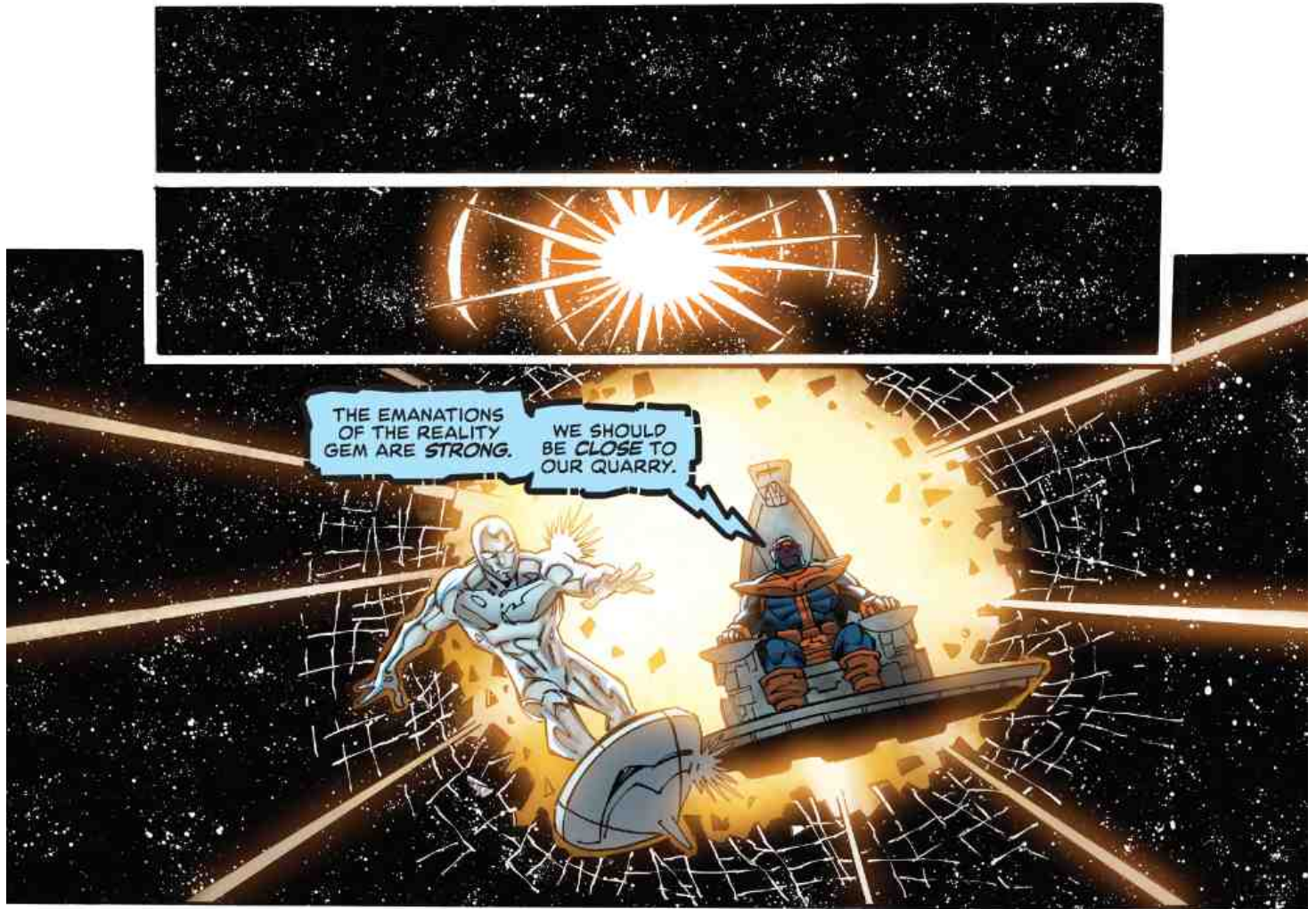
H...hello?

I'm, uh.
I'm *here*, aren't
I? I'm in *his* body.
Switch's. And...*you're*
here too, *ja*? The--
the missing
god.

I can hear you
breathing.

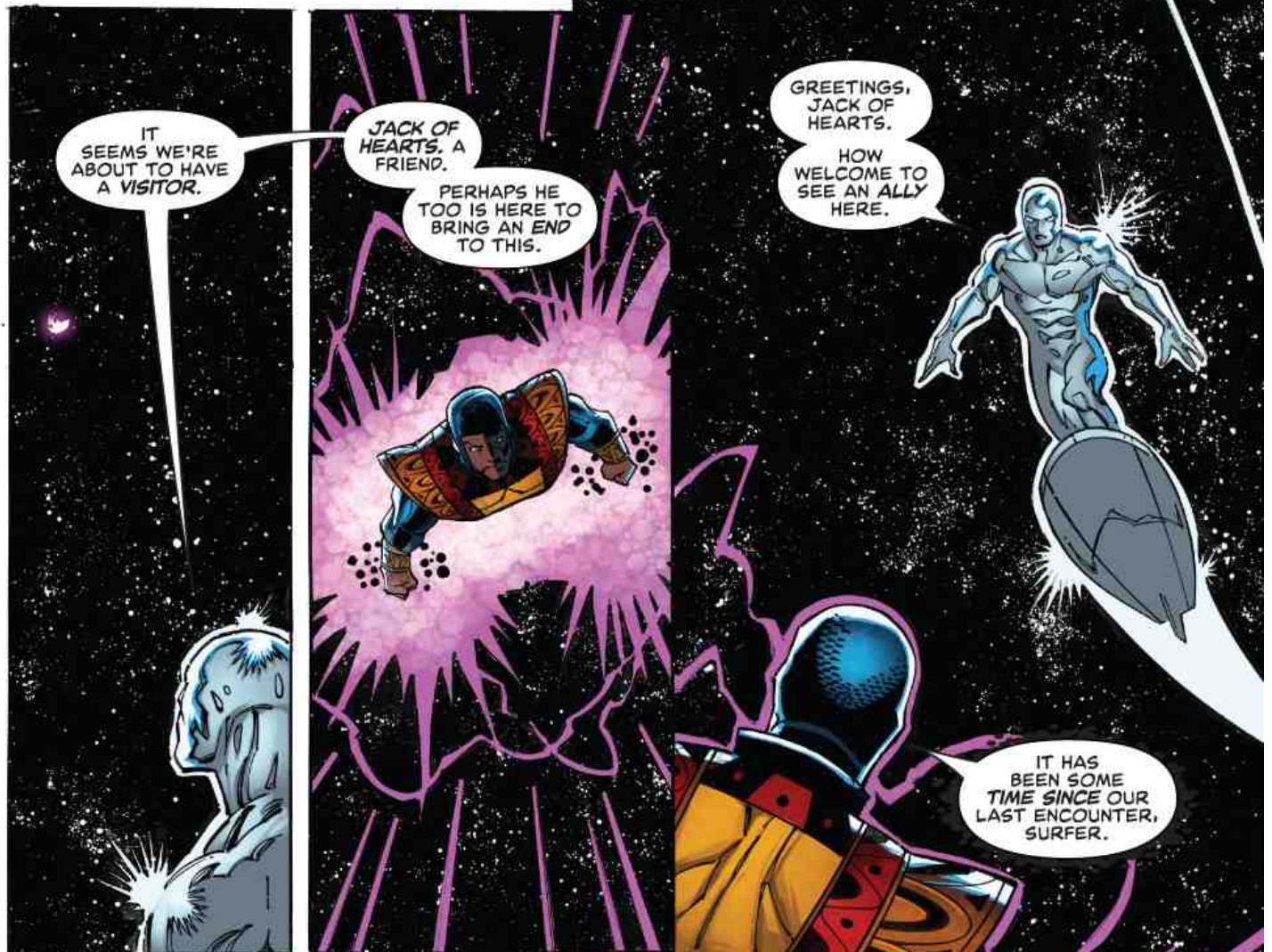
Please--with
all the *respect*
you are due...w-will you
heed the petition
of a frightened
mortal?

SPEAK.



THE EMANATIONS
OF THE REALITY
GEM ARE **STRONG**.

WE SHOULD
BE CLOSE TO
OUR QUARRY.



IT
SEEMS WE'RE
ABOUT TO HAVE
A VISITOR.

JACK OF
HEARTS, A
FRIEND.

PERHAPS HE
TOO IS HERE TO
BRING AN END
TO THIS.

GREETINGS,
JACK OF
HEARTS.

HOW
WELCOME TO
SEE AN ALLY
HERE.

IT HAS
BEEN SOME
TIME SINCE OUR
LAST ENCOUNTER,
SURFER.



"Huff...huff...gott... A-all right, Zsen. All right. *Your* turn under the lens."

"This...*dedication* to duty...it seems to bring you no joy. Your boss treats you as a slave...you yearn to leave your post... Why *stay*?"

"To whom did you make your *vow of service* that renders it so unbreakable?"



"Why...to *me*, Kurt. I vowed to *myself*. There is no harsher *judge* of an Arakkii's decorum."

Arakko.
Valley of the Fallen.

Tell me what happened.



Arakko Prime.
City Wall Defensive Battery #33.

Happened a few weeks back. They say a *fiery figure* came outta nowhere--went through the *artillery* like a ghost.

Techs came to check--know what they found?

Turds.
Turds the size of boulders, cloggin' every barrel.



Arakko Prime.
Combat Academy.

Happened during *drill*. Flash of light, peal of laughter.

A whole *class* of young warriors, *transformed* in an instant. Never seen the like.







I HAVE
HIS ATTENTION
NOW.

I'VE FACED
YOU *BEFORE*,
TITAN...



GHH!

...BUT
THIS OUTCOME
WILL BE FAR
DIFFERENT!

NOW
YOU PAY THE
PRICE FOR NOT
SAFEGUARDING
THE GEM!



HE IS MUCH
MORE THAN
HE WAS...

...AND I GROW TO
SUSPECT WHO OUR
TRUE ENEMY IS.





"I...hhh. I could go again. Just saying."

"No. You are tired, Kurt. I see it."

"Nonsense! I have a lot of ener--"

"I don't mean *physically*. I mean the part of your identity that you'd call a *soul*."

"Honestly, Nightcrawler... You lecture *me* about judgment, but what do you *do* with all your *flexible* beliefs, hm?"



SKLK KRAK PLK

"You pick and choose the rules of your law and your religion. It seems to me you can interpret your way into justifying *anything*--"

Aaaawoo--!

"--as long as you're either *helping others* or *hurting yourself*."



YOU WILL *PASS OUT* IF YOU KEEP STRUGGLING, NIGHTCRAWLER OF KRAKOA. THE ACOLYTE--IN WHOSE *BODY* YOU DWELL--BADE ME TIE THOSE ROPES MYSELF.

Will...will you set me free, fugitive god?

NO.



STRANGE. YOU ARE A MAN OF FAITH, YES? YOUR BELIEF IS LIKE A FLAME... AND YET...IT BURNS ONLY *OUTWARD*.

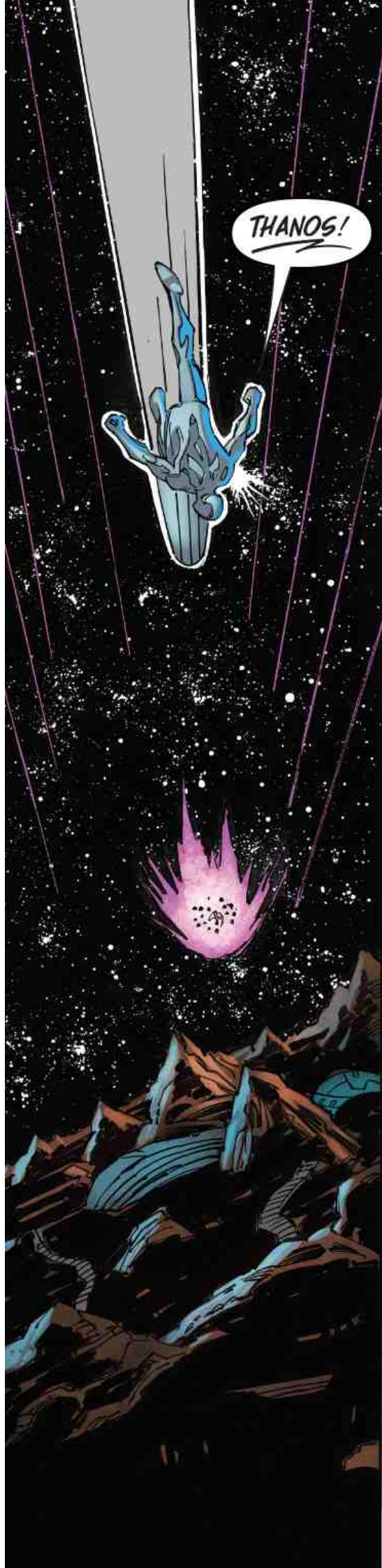
THERE IS NOTHING IN THE CENTER BUT *SHADOW*...

"Even your precious *Spark*, Kurt. You created a philosophy of *sacred innovation* just to *save* your people from themselves."

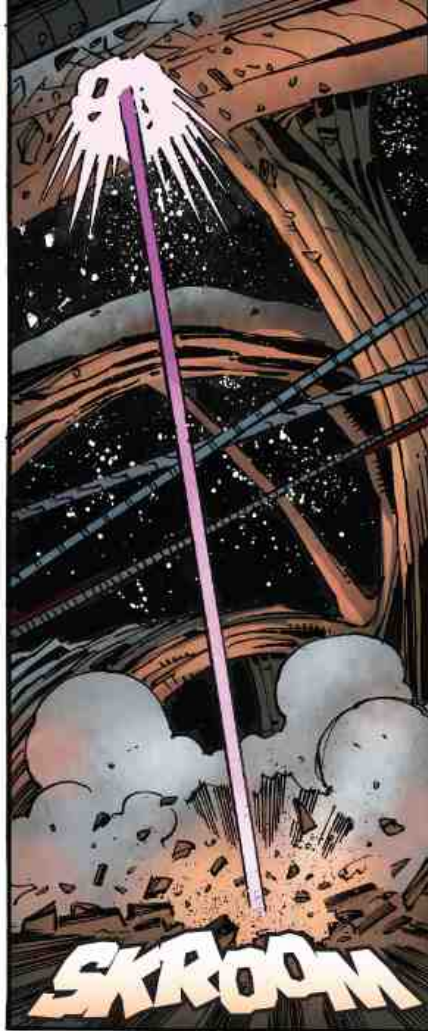
RRRRRAA!

CAR PLOP CRACK

"You are so *addicted* to filling everyone with wonder and *meaning*--"



THANOS!



SKROOM



INDEED, NOT THE FIRST TIME YOU HAVE BEEN AN ANNOYANCE TO ME, JACK OF HEARTS...



...THOUGH I SUSPECT IT WILL BE THE LAST.



STAY YOUR HAND! HE IS AN ALLY!

...GUHH...

"--that you have never stopped to admit how empty you feel."

Hhh.

Hhh.

Your...your worshipper. Switch. Do you know what he's been doing out there?

NO.

HE BELIEVES. HE MAKES SACRIFICE. SO I GIVE HIM STRENGTH. I PROTECT HIM. I EMPOWER HIM.

THAT IS THE NATURE OF THE SYMBIOSIS.

You're--nnrrrr!-- a prisoner here! He's keeping you locked up like a--oow!-- like a dog! While he does--aaaah--t-terrible things!

IT IS CONVENIENT FOR YOU TO BELIEVE YOU WERE CREATED IN THE IMAGE OF YOUR DEITY. BUT YOU KNOW, DEEP DOWN, YOU KNOW.

THE OPPOSITE IS TRUE.

REMOVE THE BLINDFOLD. SEE FOR YOURSELF.

N-no. NO, there--there has to be more to faith than that!

HRM. THAT TOO IS THE LOT OF A GOD.

NrrrrRRR!

CRACK

I AM A FABRICATION, LITTLE MAN. A PATCHWORK. I CAME TO SENTIENCE AS AN ALLOY IN A MOLD.

STOLEN FRAGMENTS OF STORY AND MYTH. COPIES OF BROKEN BELIEFS.

I AM NOT A GOD OF MISCHIEF, NIGHTCRAWLER OF KRAKOA.

NO ONE
STEALS FROM
THANOS OF
TITAN.

YAAAGH!

STOP!





I AM
ALL OF
THEM.

THE HELM
OF LOKI. THE
FEATHERS AND
FRUITS OF
ERIS.

FROM
HUEHUECÓYOTL,
THIS MOCKING MAW.
FROM ANANSI, THE
LIMBS OF FABLE
AND FATE.

VELES AND
HERMES, MAUI AND
MANANNÁN, NANABOZHO
AND CAGN AND A DOZEN
MORE LOST TO AGE
AND APATHY.

I AM
TUMULT, THE
TRICKSTER
CHIMAERA.

AND
I DISGUST
MYSELF.



HE WAS NOT OUR TRUE ENEMY!

NO...

...HE WAS MERELY A PAWN WHO SERVED HIS PURPOSE.



TYRANT.
OF COURSE.



YOU HAVE SOMETHING OF MINE.



WHAT I HAVE IS THE MEANS TO FINALLY REWRITE REALITY TO ITS PROPER STATE.



SURRENDER THE GEM, TYRANT.



EVEN YOU CANNOT HOPE TO STAND AGAINST BOTH OF US.



Who...who has the power to do this?

To make *new gods* from the scraps of the *old*?

IT DOESN'T MATTER. IT IS DONE.

I EXIST BY THE WILL OF THOSE WHO BELIEVE IN ME.



No.

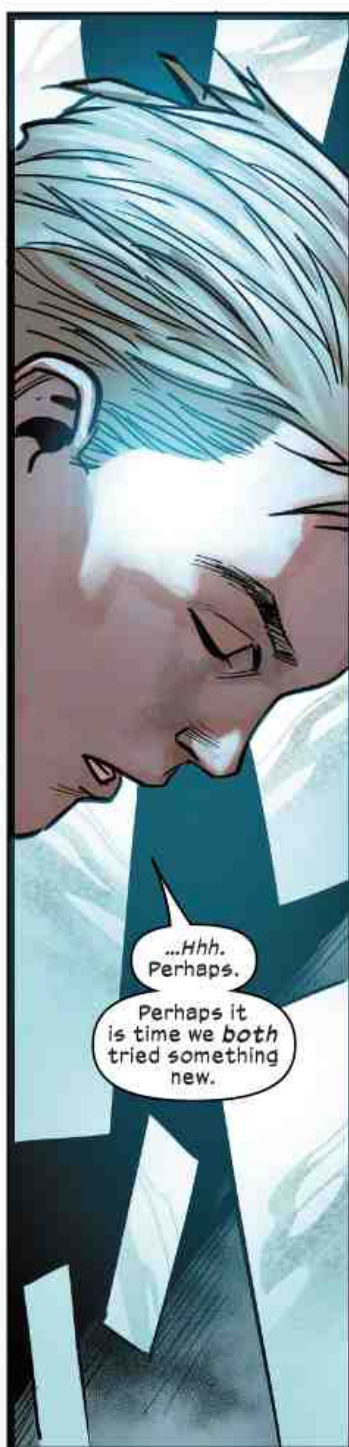
I *reject* that gods are just--*inventions*. Even if you are a... a cocktail of *ideas* and *stories*--so what?! Who *isn't*?



You have *life*. You have *thought*. You *hide* here because you think you need a worshipper, b--

JUST AS YOU HIDE-- HERE, IN YOUR HEART--

--BECAUSE YOU THINK YOU NEED SOMETHING TO WORSHIP.



...Hhh. Perhaps.

Perhaps it is time we *both* tried something new.



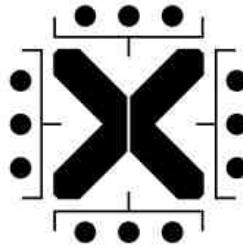
Perhaps It is time we tried to believe in *ourselves*.



SURRENDER?
WHEN MY TRIUMPH
IS AT HAND? NO...

...A NEW UNIVERSE
WILL BE BUILT UPON
YOUR CORPSES!

TO BE CONCLUDED!



FAO: NIGHTCRAWLER (THE STATION) SENDER: PROFESSOR X

Kurt,

My dear friend, I have been trying to speak with you for some time. A moment on the sidelines of the Quiet Council would have sufficed, but -- alas -- a busy teleporter is no candidate for chitchat. I'm aware you dislike intrusive telepathy; I confess I have attempted it nonetheless. Also without success. It appears my son's pocket-reality, this "Altar," is impervious to unsolicited psionics. Whether that should be by David's design or at your request, I hesitate to speculate. Irrespective, I miss your counsel, Kurt. And your friendship. Hence it is with apologies for formality that I must put these queries in writing.

- On the matter of my half-brother: I am of course aware that Juggernaut's candidacy for your enterprise was subject to a vote, in which I was defeated. Nonetheless, I would hope for a measure of your legendary compassion in begging a favor: **Would you consent to send me regular reports on Cain's movements?** Hope springs eternal vis-à-vis redemption, but nobody ever came to harm by an excess of caution.
- Do you have any information regarding the whereabouts of Banshee? I cannot detect him via Cerebro, yet members of his closest circle have suffered nightmares in which a flaming figure, speaking with Sean's voice, introduces itself as one "**Vox Ignis, herald of the Spark.**" Is this anything to do with you, Kurt?
- The gravest matter I save for last. I'm afraid it has come to my attention that you may be using David's bubble-reality as a form of holding cell for those detained in the course of your investigations. Presumably you intend to determine culpability and sentence alone. I know you have always chafed against our recourse to exiling lawbreakers in the pit. Nonetheless, I need not remind you that we, as an executive, rule by consent and majority vote. Breakages of our three laws, suspected or proven, must be brought to the Quiet Council.

Please, Kurt: **Present your detainees for trial.**

Yours,
Professor X

*Professor. Forgive brevity. Things remain v. busy.
RE: Request to report on Juggernaut.
It is my view that an excess of caution is in fact
responsible for a great many of the world's woes.
Request denied.*

*RE: Vox Ignis.
Rest assured, we are looking into it. (In passing: How
do you know what Sean's friends are dreaming about?
Surely not by "intrusive telepathy"? As you so kindly
remind me: We rule by consent.)*

*RE: Request to hand over detainees.
No.*

I miss you too, Charles. More than I can express. -- K

NEXT ISSUE:

THE BIG FINALE!

SILVER SURFER AND THANOS MUST STOP TYRANT FROM USING THE FULL POWER OF THE REALITY GEM! BUT WILL SURFER BE ABLE TO RESIST HIS OWN TEMPTATION TO USE THE GEM? AND DOES THAT MEAN A WORLD WHERE THE SILVER SURFER NEVER EXISTED?



#4 COVER

RON LIM, DON HO & ISRAEL SILVA

#4 VARIANT COVERS

PASQUAL FERRY; ROD REIS



"I won't tolerate
naivete."

"Filial
resentment
is perfectly
predictable."

Arrogant
@!%&.

Olympus Mons,
Arakko.



If that weird red lass, Mother
Righteous, comes back,
I've a good mind to take
the bloody deal.

Bit of
extra focus. Show
the old buggar what a
leader with power and
a conscience can
do. Hh.

Calm.
Calm.

Ruth? It's
me. I'm done out
here. Get the astral
kettle on, eh? I'm
comin' back
into--



--the
Altar.

Ah. At
last. Enough
monkeying
around in the
freaksuit.



Time to
grind the
organ.

B
A
M
F





"Zsen. Zsen, are you asleep?"

"Yes."

"Ah. You see, I just w--"

"For pity's sake, Kurt. Four is enough."

"Nein--not that. I just... When this is all over? The case. The god..."



"I would like you to paint me, Zsen. I would like to see what you see."

"Your...your truth."

Weaponless Zsen. You were summoned hours ago. Only now do you report to the Inward Watch.

What have you been doing?



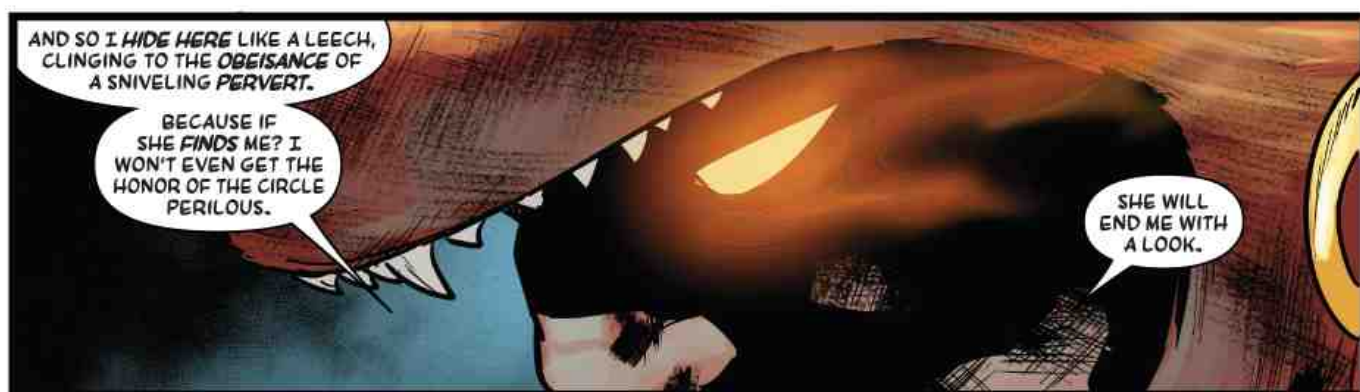
I was inspired to take an... unorthodox approach to my investigation.

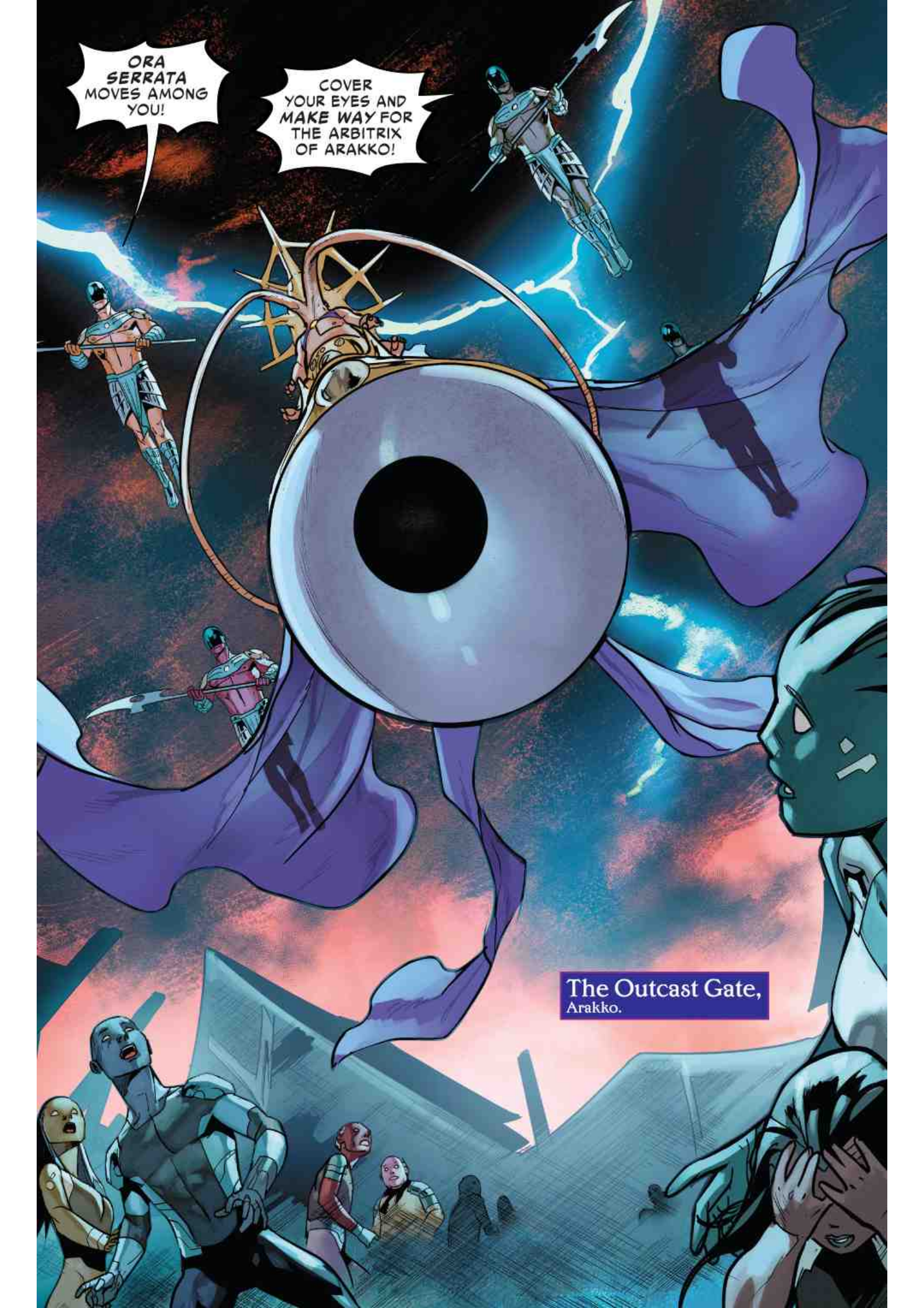
Where is the Arbitrix? I must see her.

Ora Serrata has left on urgent business, but...she left orders pertaining to you.



Specific orders.

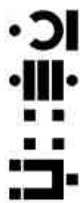




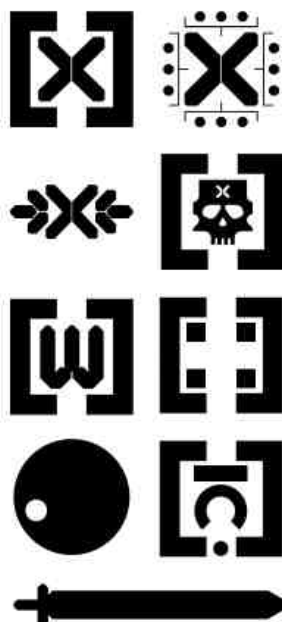
ORA
SERRATA
MOVES AMONG
YOU!

COVER
YOUR EYES AND
MAKE WAY FOR
THE ARBITRIX
OF ARAKKO!

The Outcast Gate,
Arakko.



NEXT



"EYE AM
THE LAW"



5

ISSUE:

➤ Legion of X #4

Immortal X-Men #5

X-Men '92: House of XCII #4

X-Men Red #5

New Mutants #28

X-Force #30

X-Men #13

Marauders #5

Wolverine #24

